Strictly Ideal.

From the Somerville Journal.

Information for Patrons

From the Ution Observer.

Rount to the Occasion.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer

'Hullo, George. Back from the seaside ?"

"Yep."
"Come back engaged I"
"Yen."
"How many I"
"All of them. I was the only man there."

Woes Compared.

From the Cincinnati Enguirer.

Gave Him His Choice

From Tit-Bits.

Johnny-Yes in. I told him he could have his choice, the little one or none, and he took the little one.

Might Have Done Worse.

From the Chicago Record.

"It was brutal of Nero to fiddle while itome

was burning."
I don't know about that; suppose he had

A Change in the Presidency.

From the Chicago Record.

"You have reorganized your board of offi-

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"Can't give you nothing but straight whiskey, friend," said the barkeeper to the Klondiker. "All the soft drinks is froze hard."

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Latest from the Diggings.

From the Salida Mail.

One of the First.

From the Detroit Journal.

"Oh, I wanted to ask you about that society novel you were reading. Did he marry her, aft rail!"
"No; he was one of the first to marry her,"

JOE RILEY'S TOMBSTONE.

Freeted by His Widow, Who Married Joe'

Enemy.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

my own," said the travelling man from Du-buque, "but I think of a man I used to know

named Joe Riley, who was the poorest, most shiftless sort of a cowboy when I first struck him

out on the plains. I was greatly surprised when

he came up to me at Dubuque one day looking

forry-looking object, and told me he was run-

ning a cattle train out West.
"'And I'm married to the nicest girl in the

State of Iowa,' he said. I was so astonished

that such a dejected specimen of a man should

find a girl willing to live with him that I could

MRS. JOE RILEY.

Joe Rulet.
Conductor of a Calife Train.
He risked His Life, but All in Vain.
Jim Holly with Fad Lique.
Fille: Him.
It Really Was Poor Whiskey
Killed Him.

"' What became of the widow !' I asked of the

town gossip.
Oh, she married Jim Holly, and they are as

happy as two turtle doves, he replied

less down at the heel than usual, but still

played an accordion t

The voice was that of Mrs. Ferguson-shrill,

percing, and ominous. What they what mean ?" asked George.

"This letter!" she held it up.

"Laura, have you been-No. I haven't been searching your pockets. You won't haven't. I was moving your coat from this chair and a letter fell out. This is the letter, It is directed to you, and it's in a woman's

ency you are carrying on with-" open it end read it, Laura," interrupted Mr. "If there was any letter in my pocket main't know it. Go ahead and read it. Maybe Scorning to reply to this Mrs. Ferguson opened

the letter and ran her eye over it. Oh, you didn't know this was in your pocket!" she piped. "You didn't know it! Maybe it's a millinery ball, is it ! Listen! 'My dearest George '- so you're somebody else's dearest George, are yout-'My dearest George: When are you coming to see me again? I am very lonely '- she is very lonely, is she? Oh, you twofacult hymerite!- 'If you can't come, George, dearest, do write! - she wants you to write if you can't come, does shef-'You can't think, dearest George, how I miss-"

What nonsense are you reading, Laura?" demanded George, beginning to be roused. "Do you mean to say --- "

I mean to say I am reading this letter you told me to read, Mr. Ferguson. I am reading the letter I found in your—that dropped out of your pocket. You don't know anything about it, don't you! 'You can't think, dearest George -"Lourn are you fool enough to think that's

consine! Don't you know better than to im-'I am a fool, am I, Mr. Ferguson t Well, I'll

'Let me see the letter." "Let you ee it? What do you want to see it

keep it and show it to my mother!" "Well hold it so I can look at it. I promise

you solemnly I will not attempt to take it away "I'll see that you don't. Here it is. Now look

at it. Stay right where you are, George Ferguson! Don't you come a step nearer!" "How can I see it ten feet away! Lay it down and then come and tie my hands behind me, if you're afraid 131-

'Oh, yes! Lay it down and you'll grab it! I see through you! What's the use of pretending you never saw this before !" There doesn't seem to be any use in it-that's

a fact. Nevertheless, I assure you, Laura, on my honor as a man-On your bonor! H'mph!"

Yes, on my honor-h'mph! I have never seen that letter before, I never put it in my pocket, I didn't know it was there. I am not anybody else's dearest George, and that letter is a clumsy fake got up by somebody who wants to have a little fun with me--"I wish I could believe it! Oh, George!

(Sobs.) when he went into the office where he was employed downtown, "that was a good joke some one of you played on me when you put that letter in my pocket yesterday, but it threatened to ter in my pocket yesterday, but it threatened to break up a happy family, and I ask as a favor that the chap who did it will just writ a letter to my wife and tell her it was a bit of fun and that I am not to blame in the slightest degree. I don't want to know who it was. All I ask is that the thing shall be straightened out."

It was late in the offection in There came a ring at the doorbell pertaining to the Ferguson dwelling, and a m ssenger delivered a letter addressed to Mrs. George Ferguson.

She appened it and read:
"Dear Mrs. Ferguson: In a spirit of mischief.

e opened it and read; DEAR Mrs. Ferguson: In a spirit of mischief "DEAR MISS. FERGUSSON: In a spirit of mischlef I slipped a letter in your husband's coat pocket yesterday which I fear may have fallen into your hands, and in order to atone for any mis-understanding it may possibly have caused I wish to say that I wrote it myself, and that it is purely investmany. With great respect, I sub-

urely invarinary. With great respect, I sub-ribe myself yours truly."
This was signed. "Marceilus Hankinson."
Hardly had she finished reading this when an-ther messenger came and left another letter, MY DEAR MRS. FERGUSON: I have a little MY DEAR MIS, FERGUSON: I have a little confession o mise. Yesterday, in a thoughtless moment, I wrote a letter purporting to come fr in some woman and droubed it into your husband's pocket. For fear you may have seen it I take occasion to assume the responsibility for the clumsy joke and to apologize for it. With great respect, yours sincerely. The signature was "Oliver Peduncle."

Then there came another letter—nice by spe-

The signature was "Oliver Pedunele."
Then there came another letter—also by special messenger. It was as follows:
"My Drait Madam: Pardon me for addressing you, but I wish to plead guilty to the perpetration of a foolish loke on your husband yesterday. I wrote a love letter (signed 'Dollie, if I remember rightly) and slipped it into Mr. Ferguson's coat packet. Fearing it may have met your eye, I write this to exonerate your husband and to take upon myself the entire blame for the filly performance. Respectfully yours."
It was signed: "A. Spoonamore."
The bewildered woman had hardly perused this note and laid it on the parlor table with the others when a fourth came. It was to this effect:

et: Permit me, my dear Mrs. Ferguson, to atone

remait me, my dear Mrs. Ferguson, to atone for an act of thoughtlessness committed yesterday. Yielding to a hasty inmulse I wrote a letter to your husband purporting to come from some terminine admirer. This I placed in one of the pockets of his coat, unknown to him. As it may nossibly have fallen into your hands I take the likerty of assuring you that I alone am to blame for the stupid joke and to express my hearty contrillor. The signature to this was "Wesley Higgin-About two hours later Mr. Ferguson came-one. He was whistling, with apparent uncon-dicusness of any domestic trouble, past, pres-

nd, or to come.
"George," exclaimed Mrs. Ferguson, in a inhight their voice, as she met bim at the door, where are those other letters !"

ECONOMY AT THE THROTTLE. The Consequences of Running a Locomotive on a Scant Supply of Water.

From the Detroit Journal. "Eay," said the old engineer, "where did ye get a hold of all those stories of the old R., W. and O., any way! That one ye had last, about Dan Cronan, make me think of another old-timer who neeter work on that road, an' that was old Young, the engineer. Knew Levi, did ye! Well, by gosh, is that

Say, wa'n't he a great one ! D'ye ever hear o' his economical turn ! Well, I'll tell ye. Ye see, 'twas this way: Lovi was a purty fair runner, but he belonged to the time when there

vas two kinds o' enginemen-those who could run, but didn't know much about the machine, in' those who could take one apart an' put her together agin, but couldn't pull a milk train on me. It's different now, an' every runner has got to know something about his machine.

Well, as I was a tellin ye, Levi could run all right. Hod mage time with any sort o' old ma-- the, but he was a few chips shy on the mechanhad part of it. It useter be said that once when was stuiled in a snow storm down about the

smoles tack.
Levi got sinder ald an' they put him to run
the dose accommodation. That was a trait the ities a commodation. Thus was arrain the ities a commodation. Thus was a train the ities are commodation. Thus was a train the ities are not of one combination car, and it from ites into Unwego in the mornin to an what exity income, traille there was. They put an old chaine, No. 7, on her that both way back in the 60s. She had been down, but her boiler was loose, an she was it, in it was all she could do to rull it'one. She had not discuss the said an old-fashioned i jector that you to shut all from the runnin' board, out as she har steam dome, which, hein she was obtained by the interest and an order that we must all a continuous and in our running expense. Old the charge in our running expense.

so, one mornin', when they was a startin' o loss, his literana, who was noor Martin lery, andheed that the water was a bit low, sairs so to Levi. Levi, he says, have ye risemah water to get more the grade f' three his d-d, says levi; 'we've not ter be criminalad. An along his goes, till be gets that a new to the tree in the latter than the history near to the top o' the grade, an then take on the water, rims a little into her, an a tells Martin to go out an' shut her of, let Martin does. An instantinedes.

An instantinedes, in the cab that old boiler just from window of the cab that old boiler just perform an rolled off ter one act. Blaw up, an whom lovi an Martin real-

IIUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE.

FRESH EXAMPLES OF THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE HOUR.

Too Mach Norrow on Tap—Numerous Letters to a wife from Her Husband's Friends Complicate the Case-very Sad Conclusions.

From the Catego Tribuns.

To George Forguson, what does this mean I' The voice was that of Mrs. Ferguson—ahrill,

Travel in Kentucky.

From the Chicago Telbune, I was trying to find my way to Col. Ted Bax ter's on George Creek, eastern Kentucky, and got lost. I met an old man with a gun on his shoulder

and six bounds at his heels. "I'm trying to get to Col. Baxter's, "I said, as I draw rein. "Bon't keer of yer ar," returned the old man,

"Hon't keer of yer ar," returned the old man, unlipping a gill of tobacco juice and looking up sharply in my face.
"I'm lost," I continued.
"Well, of you know cany o' the landmarks, ye go straight on this road till ye came to what ole Bob Peters cut the gizaard outon ole Tobe Masqn. That the road splits, an you go to the left, about 200 yards, till ye reach the spot what Ben Carpenter split ole John Capiteld's brain box open with or hendspike. Go on them a little furder ter what John Simpson let daylight into ole Mose Turner with a butcher knile, an that the road cracks open agin, an you take to the ole Mose Turner with a butcher knile, an thar the road cracks open agin, an you take to the right an' go on till ye cam to whar I sent a gourd full o' buckshot into de George Lemmos's lungholder. Thar ye take to the left agin, an keep goin' till ye reach a house whar an ole man an' an ole woman are drunk in the front yard, cussin' an' fightin'. Ax if Col. Baxter lives thar, an' he'll say: 'Yas, darn ye, Git down, take a short o' moonshine, an' make yerself to home!'

A Tale of the Sen.

From the Brazil Nut. Two American captains were recently relating their experiences on different voyages. One of them told the following story: "About 1 P. M. on March 2 my ship was proceeding under full sail when a cloud about the size of a man's hand was observed on the horizon. It came on, and as it neared the ship we discovered that it was for! Oh, no, Mr. Fercuson! I am going to Jack of them had a pair of No. 1 canvas trousers

Perfectly Competent to Travel.

From the Detroit Pres Press. He is a son to be proud of, and she a handsome old lady with much self-reliance. After weeks of arrangement and discussion she was to visit daughter in another State, making the trip alone. The son had protested against the venture as more than she should undertake, but his

solicitude met with rather a chilly reception. "Don't treat me as though I were a child," objected the old lady, "I travelled before you were born, and have more confidence in myself than I would have in any one you might send would prefer to remain at home. I'll not go about creating the impression that I require a

about creating the impression that I require a guardian."

This left no room for argument, and after giving her careful instructions as to how she must proceed from one end of the route to the other, the son said: "Now here is your transportation. The conductor will tear off what is necessary, and just a soon as you reach sisters put the mileage that is left right into this covelone and mail it to me. I want to use it as soon as it is available.

The mother demurred at such explicit instructions. She knew just what was to be done and she would attend to it without the ail of written forms or a diagram. She made the journey, her safe arrival being reported by the dauchter. For two weeks the son waited patiently for what was left of that mileage book and then wrote about it.

was left of that mileage boo? and then wrote about it.

"I told you," came the answer, "that I learned to travel long before you sie! It is well that such is the case. On the train I met one of the most entertaining and helpful men I ever knew. He was of great assistance to me, and when he saw my transportation he told me as gently as possible that it would be worth nothing to you after I had used a portion of it. But he is connected with the company and would give me \$5 for it. Ot course I thanked him heartily and accept d his generous offer. You should know what you undertake to advise those older than yourself."

The good son simply sat down and indulged in mental profamity. He was out \$10, with no chance for getting even.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Tibbs stated that he went into a restaurant on Decatur street Saturday night, where Thomas | make a descent. He touched mother earth at a beef did not suit him, and he asked that the man stood close by staring in blank amazement. He had seen the gaudily dressed being drop down order be refilled. When the good beef was brought Thomas took the ten-cent check and handed him one for 15 cents. Tibbs declined paying the extra five cents and tore up the 15-

ursed him Other guests in the restaurant who were pres-nt at the time told the same story as related by libbs, and stated that Thomas struck him with little or no provocation.

Then this is the way the Recorder summed it

Then this is the way the Recorder summed it all up:

"Look here, Mr. Thomas, you can't run a restaurant that way. You must run it to feed folks and not to whin them. I will dismiss the case against Mr. Thos and will fine Mr. Thomas \$5 and costs."

Not Victims of Money Microbes. From the Detroit Free Press.

A scientific association in one of the smaller towns had engaged a lecturer to deliver a discourse on bacteriology. One of the members of he society being unable to attend turned over his admission tickets to a friend who said he thought he knew somebody who would be interested. The tickets passed as thankless gifts from person to person until they fell into the hands of a farmer and his wife. On learning that a magic lantern was to be employed they resolved to attend, even if it did mean the trouble of hitching up nd a little loss of sleep. They took seats away back in the hall and made no sign of approval or objection. When the lecture was concluded to was heard to remark; "Marx, was you payln "tention!"
"Yes. As good as I could."
"Tim scart as much as I could understand of it."

Did you take notice of what he said about "Yes. An' I must say I doubted it tell he proved it by show a 'the pictors."

"Do you remember his remarks 'bout nearly every kind of sickness bein' due to these here microbe, i'd

microbes!"
"Yes, she answered. "But I don't see whut
we're noin to do about it."
"Mebbe you lined rise in bein' specially impressed by his statement that one of the easiest ways of passin' these narrobes around to where they do damage is in the bandlin' of money." "Yes."

"Yes."
There was a long pensive silence,
"Mary," he said with a sigh,
"What is it?"
"I don't like to seem to complain 'bout whut
some beople would look on as a blessin'. But I
can't help thinkin' you an' me'd get more fun
out o' life if we could run some reak of not bein'
so outlandish healthy."

Philosophy of a Temporary Outsider.

From the Chicago Post. He was standing in front of the Board of Trade and whistling merrily when the man who was haggard and worried came up. It was just after the second rise in wheat after the first big slump, and the hargard man was somewhere 'in the market "-he wasn't sure just where, "What makes you so happy f" demanded the

haggard man. "The market," replied the whistler, promptly. "The market, reposed the winster, prompty,
"Did you catch it?" asked the haggard man.
"No; but it didn't enteh me, either, "answered
the whistler, "anothat's a good deal."
"Perhaps it is, returned the haggard man,
"but most people don't links so. Every one
I've sees today who hasn't any wheat is kicking limsel? for not having had sense chough to
make a fortune."

ing kinnsel? for not having had sense enough to make a fortune.

"That's the way I folt until I had figured it out," explained the whistier. "It's different now, though. You see, if I had gone it when wheat was 80, I figure that I would probably have unloaded when it got 10 80, under the impression that a drop was due."

"Very litely."

"Then, when it reached 91, I would have gone in cautiously again with part of my winnings and hung on till about 16 or 97, when my courage would have got to the sticking point and I would have slammed in nearly everything I had.

cise that followed. Of course, I'd unload just as quick as I knew how, and probably turn bear just about the time the market struck a rubber cushion and bounded up a few points. In about three seesaws it would have me, with my beels three seesaws it would have me with my beels in the air and the money rolling out of my trousers' pockets so tast I couldn't stop it with a dam; and when I got on my feet again I d be filled to the brim with regrets and worse off financially than I am now. Oh, I can figure it all out casy enough now. While it was going up steadily I couldn't see anything but money I was losing by not being in, but since then I haven't been able to see anything but the money I am saving by being out."

Where the Mourning Would Have Been Grand

From the Dover State Sentinel. A week ago a Major of the Victoria Guards died, and was given a military burial. The regiment is a crack one, and we went to see the pro cession. When the mournful pageant was over we stood thinking of the solemn scene-those sad-faced men, the reversed arms, slow tread, sad music, and touching sight of flag-draped coillin, and unused helmet. Some one touched my chow and said: Was the dead gintleman anythin' to ye,

ma'ant?
"No." said I, smiling in spite of myself.
"No." said I, smiling in spite of myself.
"Ye looked so sorry, I was full sure he was somethin' to ye," she continued disappointedly.
"He was a human being, and a brave soldier; that should be something to all of us,"
"Yis, Yis, to be sure. I do be feeling that way meself this marnin." But wouldn't it be grand, ma'am, mournin' for a man like that, supposin' he was somethin' to ye."

How She Broke the Ice.

From the Chicago Post. The beautiful girl came into the room and pulled her chair so close up to her father's big armchair that he looked up from his newspaper to see what was the matter. "Mr. Wilkins likes you, father," she said, as

"Mr. Wikins likes you, father," she said, as soon as she saw that he had his attention.
"Likes me!" be exclaimed,
"Yes. He thinks a great deal of you."
"Well, I have been under the impression for some time t t he liked some one here," remarked the old gentleman, "but I've never seen any indications that I was the one."
"Well, you will the very next time you see Mr. Wilkins," said the beautiful girl with conviction. "What's he going to do!" demanded the old gentleman.

"He s going to ask you if you will consent to be his father-in-law," explained the beautiful

Back from the Blandike

From the Indianapolis Journal. Opening the door in response to an insistent kno k the lady beheld the figure of one she re-

'Oh, it is you, is it ?" she said icily.

"It is me," was the answer. "Your long-lost husband, who has come to tell you that he is sorry he ran away two years ago."
"Maybe you are sorry you went," retorted the lady, "but I ain't. What did you come back

My dearest, I have been to the Klondike, and And dearest, I have been to the Klondike, and last summer I accumulated fifty thousand—"
"I'll thousand dollarst" shricked the loving wife as she tell on his neck.
"No. Mosquito bites."
It was a moment later only that he fell on his neck himself.

From Cassell's Journal. The following is the story told of a dector at one of the London hospitals. He was one day lecturing to a class of medical students, when he stopped and asked a question which for some time none of them answered. But he man, who had never answered a question before, and was looked upon as the fool of the class, answered correctly. The doctor was astonished, and stared at the man in am exement.

"You look surprised, sir!" said the student.

"So did Balaam!" was the doctor's sharp re-

From the Atlanta Constitution. Down in the rural district it happened, when the Mean Man invited the preacher to dinner. The Mean Man had plenty of money, but be didn't spend it on his table, which on that occasion showed but scant fare.

"Parson," said the Mean Man, "times air hard an grocerie- high; but, sich as it is, you're welcome. Will you ax a blessin!"

I will, "replied the parson, "fold your hands," And then he said: nands." And then he said:
"Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive—for these greens without bacon, this bread without said, this coffee without sugar, and, after we have received it, give Thyservant strength to get home in time for dinner."

From Harper's Round Table. Recently a parachutist gave several exhibitions of his daring skill at Glasgow. One afternoon a strong wind carried his balloon rapidly away, and it was some time before he could is a clerk, and called for a ten-cent lunca. The moorland spot near a farmhouse, and an old

"What place is this?" asked the passed in an authoritative tone.

The old man reverently knelt down and clasped his hands together, and his voice trembled with his hands together, and his voice trembled with his hands together, and his voice trembled." Good Lord, this is the parish o' Carnwath."

A Great Politician in Disguise.

From the Daily Eastern Argus. Yesterday morning Special Officer Johnson of Fort Allen Park arrested a man for begging food among the residents of Munjoy Hill. The man was taken to the police station, and a satchel which he carried was found to contain satched which he carried was found to contain several chicken sandwiches and a quantity of French mustard.

"I do not want to be disturbed, no matter how pressing business may be," explained the tramp when assigned to a cell. "Let me enjoy the strictest quietness, and don't call me until court time in the morning."

From the Buffalo Enquirer. It was in a negligence case recently, and good-humored Irishman was a witness.

The Judge, lawyers, and everybody else were trying their best to extract from the Irishman omething about the speed of a train. Was it going fast I" asked the Judge

Oh. purty fasht, your honor." "Well, how fast?"
"Aw, purty fasht,"
"Was it as fast as a man can run?"
"Aw, ys." glad that the basis for an analogy
vas supplied. "As fasht as two min kin run."

Expurgated Clausies.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Madam, behold a scholar and a gentleman, In the classics I always carried off all the honors

of my class. In Casar-"Are you familiar with Casar f"

"Intimately, ma'am."
"Then if you will cross the Rubicon into the
nek yard, you will find the saw lying by the Wo sapile."
"Madam, my Cæsar is a revised version. I give a new and improved reading of the familiar text. When I reach that epigrammatic passage 'I come, I saw, I conquered, I invariably omit the 'saw,' Good-day, ma'am."

From the Washington Star. "Did you get anything !" asked Farmer Corn-tassel's wife as he returned from his hunting "Nothin' worth speakin' of." "You surely didn't come home empty-

handed I"
"No. But it's next thing to it. I haven't anything but a couple more carrier pigeons with messages from the North Pole tied to 'em." Why She Disappointed Them.

From the Boston Traveller.

The President of the Woman's Advancement society was visibly agitated. So was the Secre-"Mrs. Nimbelung, who was to deliver the address at to-day's niceting, cannot be present," and the former.
"Why not t" asked the latter.
"Her husband has been seriously ill for three

"But a woman of her strength of principle won't neglect her work in the great cause to attend to the pairry needs of an individual—and a male individual at that?" "Certainly not, but he writes her speeches."

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. Travelling Passenger Agent Tom Campbell says that a Swede came into a lawyer's office one day and asked: "Is hare ben a lawyer's place!"

"Yes: I'm a lawyer." Well, Mais or Lawyer, I tank I shall have a

"What kind of a paper do you want?"
"Well, I tank I skall have a mortgage.

see, I buy me a piece of land from Nels Peter-sen, and I want a mortgage on it."
"Oh, no. You don't want a mortgage; what you want is a deed."
"No. Maister; I tank I want mortgage. You see, I buy me two pieces of land before, and I got deed for dem, and nother faller come along with mortgage and take the land; so I tank I better get mortgage this time." THE OSTRICH, A NEWSPAPER. Why It Exists in Optimism and Devotion to a Bosente Cause. In the heart of Cornwal! there is published

and read a newspaper, perhaps the most peculiar in all the world. This is the Ostrich, and if the news of the day, its murders, crimes, and Pursued by the Octoous sensations should shock you or offend your nervous system, the Ostrich is the very paper From the Cleveland Leader.

"Here's some more of the horrible work of hem blamed monopolists," said Farmer Hay for you to read. To begin with, this singular Cornish journal Here's some more of the horrible work of them blamed monopolists," said Farmer Hay-ricks, as he bung his coat over the foot of the bed, "Goodness, where I" asked his wife, "Here's a sign what says 'Don't blow out the gas,' I s'pose they make these folks burn it all hight, so's to run up their bills on 'em. Gosh, I don't know what this country's comin' to!" printed on a delightful pale-rose-colored paper. It has a great and ever-gaining circulaion. Throughout Cornwall you see it everywhere, From Plymouth to Land's End genial old squires and parsons, merry-eyed maids, spectacled elderly ladies, young bloods in cricket fiannels or hunting breeches, farmers fisher-From the Cleveland Plain Dealer men, and laborers may be seen peacefully perus-"Say, Sketchy, my boy, I don't want to find fault with your work, but these girls in bathing that you've been drawing lately are altogether ing these rose-hued pages. And every one can see that the faces of Ostrich readers possess a

that you've occurrent too angelic."

"What's the matter with them?"

"They are not lifelike. They're too lovely for bathing purposes. Did you ever see a girl in bathing?"

"Never." the world could disturb them.

"Yes," said the proprietor of a Penzance hotel,
"the Ostrich is a wonderful paper. It settles the nerves and brings back health and happiness. All people coming from the large towns. seeking rest, should read it. It is a boon for the

settled look of placidity, just as if nothing in

A minister who used to preach in Somerville had a little boy. A few days before his father left the city to go to his new parish one of his neighbors said to the little boy:

"So your father is going to work in New Bedford, is he!"

The little boy looked up wonderingly.

"Oh, no," he said. "Only preach." One opens the Ostrich, and the first thing no One opens the Ostrich, and the first thing noticeable is that certain words in the text are printed in large, heavy type; words like happy, good, & saved, success, health, peace, beautiful, amiable—all the pages are crowded with them, so that they give the impression of being a kind of optimist chart, pointing out all that is good and beautiful on the earth. Short-sighted people, holding the newspaper at a yard's distance, will only be able to see these agreeable words, and besides this, in the critinary text, all words like death, mistortune, sickness, pain are carefully avoided. In the entire paper, one column excented, not a discurrenable word is printed.

The system of the publisher is based on the science of suggestiveness. As most people are When patrons of a small laundry in the upper part of the city failed to get their wearing ap-parel Saturday evening they found the place closed and this note pinned upon the door; "Closed on account of sickness till Monday, I'm not expected to live."

excented, not a insugreeable word is printed.

The system of the publisher is based on the science of suggestiveness. As most people are easily influenced, the perusal of a page of this rose-colored paper, with its hundreds of pleasant words, may readily bring the reader to a state of mind in which he begins distinctly to see the world through rose-colored glasses.

The paper is appropriately called the Ostrich. A little picture in the middle of the heading represents this famous bird burying its head in the sand, and apparently feeling well content in doing so. The motto of the paper is "Even of Truth threat if Is Falschood." This paper sums up all that he shapemed in the world twice weekly—in not move than six columns—polities, elections, so idents, are tand literature. Everything is treated by the Ostrich in these columns from his stocial viewbeam!

The first column bears the title, "What Would S. H. D. Say te It!" S. H. D. stands for Sir Humphrey Dave, who was born in Penzance, and has a monument there. This "great Claristics and heads," he has afety lamp, is the moled of all bounds being; the yardstack with which everything is measured. In this column one linds all sorts of news, and every them with a common nearly. For instance: "At a banquet at Birmingham Lord Salisbury declared that the situation of the Armenians was indeed such as demanded serious consideration.—S. H. D. woold say. The potato beetle is again making himself annianned on our co st not in Normandy, for there they have no potato harvest at all this year! S. H. D. The second column is called "The Demented the consideration on the Normandy, for there they have no potato harvest at all this year! S. H. D. The second column is called "The Demented the consideration column is called "The Demented the consideration of the potato beetle is again making himself a misance on our co st not in Normandy, for there they have no potato harvest at all this year! S. H. Perry Patettic-Well, what luck ! Wayworn Watson-Worse in the world. He rimme a meal ticket.
"Oh, it might o' been worse. I struck a guy
yesterday that gimme a order on a bath house. Mother—Johnny, I see your little brother has the smaller apple. Did you give him his choice, as I suggested? Johnny—Yee m. I told him he could have his

cers!"
"We had to; our typewriter girl and the President quarrelled about which should sit facing the window." all the news from fereign countries, and the reader generally symp thirses in unconcern with the publisher, for what is it to him whether President Morales or Lamorates reigns on the La Plata River, or whether Standalo's has been sentenced by unjust Julkes or just assessins, or vice versal. That should all be of no consequence to him if he cares for his nerves.

The other columns are called "Nothing is Eaten as Hot as — "And if Soll" and "We house following are called "Nothing is Eaten as Hot as — "And if Soll" and "We house to her columns are called "Nothing is Exile. This last one is very important, as it contains all terrable accidents, shipwreeks, earthquakes, funiae, and so orth. The Ostrich does not believe in such things.

The man who has invented this peculiar newspater is John Gillis. For several years he was school teacher—published some pamphlets—and then became a journalist. He studied the teacher of London and Bristal and gradually formed his opinion of what would be appropriate for their health, doing it from nursely humanitarian principles, for he is now crazy consuch to distribute his maner gratuitous!

"What color would you call the new boarder's hair f" asked the fat boarder after the lary had let the dining room. "Is it Titian red f" "I hardly know." said A-bury Peppers, "whether to call it Titian or imi-Titian." The latest story from Kloudike is that a man was caught out in a windstorm. The ground was dry and dusty. When the man got home he coughed up \$73.15 in gold dust.

Interns of a beacon. It is called "The Ostrich Cost re."

Among the subscribers are Gladstone, the Princess of Teck and Sir Arthur Sullyan.

With one assistant Mr. Gollis in kess up the whole caper. He is a familiar flarer all through Cornwall, is well liked, and has his lodging and board everywhere free. He is over 60, his face scrawdowsly shaven, his hair in short gray curls; he has beering light gray eves and a merry smile around the corners of his month.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

"I never hear that saying, 'I have troubles of He Encounters a Victim of Inscienta Who

Welcomes Him as a Guest. "I found the dining room of a house that I was looking over one night," said the retired burglar, "filled with a glow of light from a bright hard-coal fire burning in a grate at on nd of the room. There was just a little bit of unde a little vellow tip in the redder glow on the fire. About half the table was sovered with a folded white table cloth, oan and thick and with the creases still it. On this cloth there were a plate and a ate of bread and some butter and vinegar nd catsup, and things like that; and on the

find a girl willing to live with him that I could only ejaculate:

"Married!"

"Yes. My wife boards at the hetel. I am home one week and away another, and I don't drink any more—not a drop.

"This I knew to be pure fiction, for he carried the aroma of his favorite hever, go about him, as in the old days. But I told him to brace up, said a few encouraging words, and left him with a half promise to cell on his wife. However, I left town that night and did not return, and a year passed when one Sunday a card with a deep mourning border was brought to my room at the house where I boarded. It read: "'Who can she be I' I wondered as I followed

the attendant to the parlor where the caller was waiting. A very elegant to ang woman in the deepest of widows weeds rose of my entranca, pressing a black bordered handkerchief to her face,
"You were my husband's friend—his very
dearest friend,' she sobbed, 'and now I have
come to tell you that he is no more. Jee often
told me that if I ever needed a friend I would find one in you.

"This was decidedly interesting, especially as
I could not remember that I had ever heard the
name of Joe Riley. But I said in a tone of deep

clean and thick and with the creases still in it. On this cloth there were a plate and a piste of bread and some buffer and vinezar and catsup, and things like that; and on the ather end of the table that wasn't covered, the old nearest the fire, there was an oil fashioned susper it a tray with the japaning pretty much all worn of. Looking down by the fire, I saw on one side of the hearth a buf-bushed basket pretty near full of big selected obsters, pretty uniform in stre, and laid in carefully with the round shell down.

It was a winter micht, colder 'n Greenland octside, and this room was just as comfortable as it could be, and that bayout id look inviting, and I couldn't even guess who it was for because the house was shut un lighter 'n a drumeridently nobody expected and nobody settin' up. But while I was standing there wonderin' over it I heard a door open—the one next to the one I'd come in at-mot in cemes a man that looks at me for a minute and says;

"This is an usexpected ple surse."

"And I says it is to me, too, looking at him at the same time, and seem' a man, maybe a little bigger 'n myself, and perfectly resolute and capable and able to take care of himself.

"But sill down,' he says, 'and eat something with me. You'll find another oveter knife in the left-hand side of the 'ghri-hand drawer of that sideboard right back of you.' And there it was, and when I turned around again the man was mutive oysters on the fire in the grite. Evenimates later he was picking 'em up with a peir of tones and havin' 'em carefully, round shell down, on the bill teatray. 'Now, will you just hely ourself' the says.

"Well, not latin' the says; 'and let shouldn't do it at all it levelth helm it but I souter from momentin, and I find that when I can't deep, all't the stack of samething to eat makes me sleep. I can't disolve a minute, and then I come down and find it, like the And eath' something for to est in case I should need it; and then I come down and find it, like the And eath' south in she in early of busiters on name of Joe Riley. But I said in a tone of deep feeling:

"'So poor Joe is gone I'

"Yes, and died like a hero, trying to save his cattle train from being wreaked."

"That brought back the dispidated Joe of other days, and I looked at his widow with astonishment. How in the world did such a good-for-nothing as Joe get such a smart wife!

"What can I do for you! I asked, expecting, of course, she wanted financial help, but no, Mrs. Riley informed me with some pride that she was well fixed. What she wanted—and I found out to my cost—was to talk about Joe and have me sympathize with her. According to her story, there never was a whiter man. When she had spent hours in recounting his virtues, she paused to say: story, there never was a whiter man. When she had spent hours in recounting his virtues, she paused to say:

"You should have seen Joe's corpse!"

"I was so much affected by the recital that I had nothing to say to this, and she cortinued:

"We buried him on the bluff, and his friend Jim Holly is going to put a stone over him at his own expense. If you ever pass along there you must stop and see Joe's grave. His friend Jim has promised to keep it green.

"After several more hours of this ingubrious talk the widow left, promising to send me Joe's photo and a lock of his hour. I coll posed when she left, and felt that a financial demand would have been a boon compared to this unexpected call for sympathy.

"A year later! was in Dubuque, and while there I remembered 'Joe's corpse.' With an old fellow fr in the Julien House! was piloted to the spot where he was huried, where the most remarkable monament I ever saw met toy gage, I have sketched it literally in detail, and was not surprised when told that it was the delight of the town, also that it was creeted by his friend Jim Holly as a salve to his conscience, which troubled him for getting Joe drunk so often, on the plea, I suppose, that confession is good for the soul. A more unique tombstone never was designed. Below a pair of Texas horns, cut in the stone, was this inscription:

pasket."

Well, we finished 'em up and I says to him:

'What do you think; think you can sleep now!'

And he said h thought he could. And he let
me out he front door and went to bed, I suppose. I know I went home myself feeling comfortable. I hadn't made a cent, but it's a good
thing to take a rest now and then, and I always
did like roast oyaters.

HOME AGAIN FROM MITKARIOFFEL | CONSOLATION FOR ELIZA. Some Good Points About New York Discovered by the Returned Extles.

The New Yorker went to the steamship pier meet the Exiles when they returned from Mitkartoffel for a visit to this country.

"Welcome home to America!" be cried, "Home!" exclaimed Mrs. Exile. "Ten years makes such a difference! We have almost forgotten that we are Americans!"
"Really," added Mr. Exile; "I'm not sure I

remember how to vote." The New Yorker took them to a restaurant to recruit their exhausted strength after the Custom House agony,
"I suppose you will find life here very differ-

ent from what you have been accustomed to," he said, half regretfully, as they seated them-"Yes," sighed Mrs. Exile, "In Europe the art

of living is so much better understood; everything is pleasanter."
"The, make a study of it, you know," explained Mr. Exile. "They soften the asperities of living."

as the waiter appeared. "See those oysters!"
"By Jove! Oysters!" shouted Mr. Exile with

"By Jove! Oysters!" shouted Mr. Exile with some excitement.

"Do you object to oysters!" asked the New Yorker anxiously, "Here, let me tell him to take them away."

"No, no," cried Mr. Exile hastily.
"Indeed, no, added Mrs. Exile. "I didn't mean that in the least. You see, Mr. Exile is very fond of oysters, and I was so delighted to see them for his sake. It is a whole year since he has had any. The last time was at Schweningen, in Holland, when we made a trip there a year ago last summer, and he's been talking of them ever since.

"What!" asked the New Yorker, "You surely have oysters in Europe?

"Certainly," replied Mr. Exile with a beaming face as he bent over the plate; "the very finest in the world."

"But," explained Mrs. Exile, "you see Mitkartoffel is an interior city, and oysters are very expensive, so they never have any there. They are a small thing to give up in comparison with the advantages we have in return. Our house in Mitkartoffel is in the midst of a bark, and how much rent do you suppose we pay? Three hundred tollars a year. I'm told you couldn't get a garret in New York for that."

"Try some of this celery, said the New Yorker.

Mrs. Extle looked at it, a dubious expression came over her face, and she looked at her husband. He he inteed, hemmed, and acclined it.

"You don't care for celery," exclaimed the

New Yorker, and name was puzzled; then on its victues. Mrs. Exile was puzzled; then she laughed.

She didn't know what it was, she confessed, "Off course we have celery in Mitkartoffel, but it is always stewed and it isn't very good."

"You my word, we had forgotten about it," added Mr. Exile. "It is so long since we have

on our co of most in Norman'ty, for there they have no potato harvest at all this year? S. H. D. D.

The second column is called "The Demented of To Morrow." In it all important political news is commented upon and corrected, for the most is of the paper is "Even of Trans, One-Half is Fabedhood," and most of the carried of the deficiency and most of the carried of the deficiency of the paper is "Even of Trans, One-Half is Fabedhood," and most of the carried of the makes a mistake it does not matter, he alm is reached at all events, for news that heart the heading "Demented" is doubted and has lost its exciting quality.

Still more important is the third column, "How Dees This Concern Met?" In it one finds the greatest washom of the Deficie, I contains all the news from fereign countries and the reader generally symp thires in unconcern with the publisher, for what is it to him whether President Morales or Immorales reigns on the La Plata River, or whether Stambulot has been sentenced by unjust Jacks or just assassins, or vice versal That should all be of no conse-

Mr. and Mrs. Exile looked at each other a moment without speaking.

"As we were comine along," began Mrs. Exile.

"Yes, that's it," said Mr. Exile approvingly.

"We saw a man, an Italian, I think he must have been. Mrs. Exile went on slowly.

"He seemed to be selling fruit at a street corner," interfected Mr. Exile.

"And we both felt like jumping out of the carriage and running to buy some," concluded Mrs. Exile.

"Eruit!" repeated the New Yorker.

Mrs. Exile.
"Fruit" repeated the New Yorker.
"Yes," said Mrs. Exile apologetically; "I suppose it is plentiful here, but it's like the tomatoes in Mitkartoffel." tomatoes in Mitkartoffel."
"Why didn't you come back earlier in the season!" asked the New Yorker. Mr. and Mrs. Exile look of alarmed. "Then you might have had some fruit worth talking about. Now the best of it's gone, and there's only the peaches and the grapes and the pears and the plums and the."

in happy contestinent the Exics looked at each other in a shamefaced way as they caught a glimpse of the expression on the New Yorker's face. Then Mr., Exile broke into a laugh.

"I don't care," she said dellamity, "There is good society at Mitkartoifel and it does have its advantages."

A MOTORMAN OF RESOURCES. He Met the Rad Man and Conquered Him Without Striking a Blow.

sight, and the 130-pound conductor eyed him, When fares were collected the undershot man did exactly what the Jersey City bad man is likely to do in the early morning hours on a trolley car he refused to pay. The conductor threatened to put him off. That caused him to smile a grizzled smile. Then the conductor appealed to his sense of honesty. That caused him to roar heavily. Finally the conductor insimuated that he hadn't five cents. That roused him to action, and he drew a \$5 bill from his pocket and offered it to the conductor. There was a dreary discussion, lasting over two index of trolley track. The conductor eventually stopped the ear, took the bill into a saloon, got a decide handful of threatened to put him off. That caused him to over two intest of trolley track. The conductor eventually stopped the car, took the bill into a saloon, got a double handful of nickels and dimes, and returned to the car to count out the undershot man's change. He was so busy counting that he forsot to stop the car at the bad man's street, which was Atlantic. When he finished counting the car was three blocks beyond, at Eke avenue, where the car was stopped, the change was delivered, and the bad man was invited to alight and walk back.

where the car was stopped, the change was delivered, and the bad man was invited to alight and walk back.

"Well, I don't do it in a hurry, seef" he remarked. "You took a hell of a time to count that money, didn't you? Well, now, I'll take just as long, dye hear me?"

"Naw, you won.," put in the conductor. "We ran on schestule, and you'll throw us all off. We don't wait; get off."

The bad man looked in scorn at the 130-pound conductor and began counting his change at the rate of about 2h cents q minute. The conductor leinu a man of moderate mental, as well as physical, means, gave up in despuir. He did not dure start, as he felt sure the bad man would thrush him, and the one other passenger in the car—the writer—did not look as if he could be depended on for aid.

It was at this point that the motorman came to the rescue. The undorman also was a man of moderate according the three documents. He opened the freat door with a bang as the ood man began counting the third dollar, and bellowed out;

"Get out, or I'll take you to the Point."

hint. He opened the freed door with a long as the load man began counting the third dollar, and bellowed out;

"Get out, or I'll take you to the Point."

The taid man returned a look of pitying contempt and said: "I'gh!"

"tet out, you loader, or I'll let her go,"

"I'gh!"

Sham went the door, rap went the outside

As the bad man climbed out with his halfcounted \$1.25 in his weeket the motorman
watered him closer. His foot had bardly left
the step before the materiman swept the erack
round and the ear bounded forward, carrying
the ear and its reew beyond the reach of the
late passenger. The bad man swing his arm
and roared, but the men on the car gave back
no sign. They left him and his \$1.95 alone
and unbeeded among the unimproved villa
sites of Greenville, whence there was no escape
intil the uptown car should pass, one hour later.

A MAN WITH A DEJECTED JAG MEETS FELLOW SINNERS.

Confessions That Make Dim Think Bloomer -Pretty Good Sort of Fellow After All, 17 His Wife Could Only Hear Them-Sequel to an All-Yight Session in a Poker

It was do'clock on Sunday morning when the poker game ended, and he lost no time in getting one of those dejected jars that many men get after losing a lot of sleep and chips. He was a New Yorker in business, but had a suburban home in Jersey. He knew that his wife had sat up all night, rocking in the rocking chair, murmoring "Oh, the villain! Why did I over marry him?" and other pleasant things, for it wasn't his first night out. thoughts of home came to him he ordered the drinks quicker. He was getting a quick jag. He believed he needed it. Finally, when he climbed into a cab and ordered the driver to hurry to the Jersey ferry, he was in a melancholy mood. He talked to himself on the way over and anathematized the big cleeks on the tall buildings. He declared that he had played his last game of poker; he resolved never to take another drink; he made up his mind to shake the entire crowd.

When he shouted "Good night" to the man who left him at his door his wife was looking out of the window, and exclaimed:

"You drunkard! You villain! Oh, if I only had my hanes on you now! Yelling 'Good night!' at 10 o'clock in the morning! You wretch!"

"'Sall right, dear," he replied. I'm goin' to hic-I'm-

"You fool! You-you-I'll teach you a lesson!" She poked her head back and slammed down the window. He knew she was coming to greet him at the door, so, bracing up a bit, he made a quick zigzag around the corner, crossed the fields, and nev r stonged walking until he found himself a mile from home, surrounded by a crowd of strangers who were singing. He had run plump up against a Jersey camp meeting. Two of the brothers saw his condition and escorted him to a seat in the middle of the tent. An elderly

woman with glasses got up to testify.
"I was in the habit of waiting for the devil every night," she said, and the man with the jog murmured: "She talks just like Eliza." "Yes," continued the elderly woman, "I would wait for the devil and enjoy his company."

"That's not Eliza," whispered the jag; "she don't care a snap for me any more." "And when I'd meet the devil," continued the woman who was testifying, "I'd grasp his hand

and welcome him to my heart. I'd listen to the sweet things he'd whisper in my ear--' 'Eliza would never listen to me," murmured the man who had been out all night. "I'd listen to him," continued the woman. "and I'd take his advice. But now a change has

come over me. I have cast him away! I don't listen to his sweet words any more! He can't lie to me now! He'll never more find me a fool! I'll trample on him! I have cast him out this time for good!" Fill trample on him! I have cast him out this time for good!"

"That's sounds like Eliza," said the jag, bracing up and twisting his head to get a look at the woman who was testilizing. "It's not her, though! She don't get as sexited as Eliza."

"Please, brother, be quiet." said a voice from behind, and the man with the jag straightened up and looked serious. Then he don't art, and was sleeping when he was awakened by the congreg tion singing:

We'll roll, we'll roll, the charlot over him' oh, we'll roll, we'll roll, the charlot seer him!

"Not if I know it," exclaimed the jag, again bracing up. "You'll roll nothing over me!" "Sish," whisucred a voice from behind. Then a tall thin man got up and proceeded to relate his experience. He said that he had been a drinkard for twenty years and a very, very bad man.

"He you know," he said, "I've often lain in."

bad man.
"Do you know," he said, "I've often lain in
"Do you know," he said, "I've often lain in "Do you know," he said," I've often lain in the gutter drunk and planned to steal enough money from my employer to get more liquor. I've abused my poor mother: I've struck my sister in the face; I've remained away from home for three weeks at a tine and neglected my poor wife, glving her no money for food, leaving her without fuel for free, so that she almost freeze to death, sitting alone for three long weeks in a cold, cheerless room, waiting for me to return."

"He's worse'n me," murmured the jag.
Then a short, stout man, with a flerce-looking

Then a short, stout man, with a fierce-looking mustache, arose, said he had been a drunkard, and one day had thrown his wife overboard when he was drunk.

"I'm not so awfully bad," said the jag in a whish ?

whisp r.
"Brethren," shouted a big, broad-shouldered.
"Brethren," shouted a big, broad-shouldered. "Brethren," shouted a big, broad-shouldered fellow, "I was a second-story burglar, and, if I dare I say it, was second-story burglar, and, if I dare I say it, was than a tenfold murderer."

"Oh, I don't think I'm bad," murmured the fellow with the jag.

"Yes," continued the burglar, "I sneaked around in the dead of night with a dark lantern and a jinnuy, and if any one dared to interruph me in my work it would have gone hard with them. But the only thing I steal now is a few hours in prayer. And for that I guess I'll be put behind the golden bars."

We'll have joy and bliss behind the golden bars, We'll cast out sin when we're above Mars, Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

A man with latent trouble in his eye climbed laboriously aboard a Bayonne car as it left the Penssylvania ferry house at 2:20 A. M. three days ago. He was tall and broad and knotty in build, and his teeth protruded like those of on undershot builded. He was not a pleasant that the latent protruded like those of poker, the man with the jag was awake and said that he had been a gambler all his life and had played 16,230,000 games of poker, the man with the jag was awake and said that he had been a gambler all his life and had played 16,230,000 games of poker, the man with the jag was awake and said that he had been a gambler all his life and had played 16,230,000 games of poker, the man with the jag was awake and

said:
"Oh, I think I'm pretty good."
A fellow who said he was once a Western train robber related the story of his life, and the women in the congregation shivered.
"I once shot five men in one day," said the train robber.
"I'm a quiet, peaceable citizen," murmured

the jag.

Then, when a woman crose and began to tell how badly she had treated her husband on account of her bad temper, every one became incount of her bad temper, every one became interested.

"I had forty demons in me," she said, "and whenever my husband talked to me I samped at him. If he was delayed over his usual time of returning home I generally hit him with the broom and some lateral three a cun of coffee in his face. Finally a gentle voice whispered in my ear, and going down to the beach at Asbury Yark, I knelt alone on the saids and theresther I dragged them out—I cast the forty deviled into the sea, and when I went home that night I spake kindly to my husband, for my had temper was gone. I had driven all the devils away.

The congregation sang:

For they've all been driven away, now, They've all been driven away. "H's a good thing," instrumed the lag; "if Eliza'd go to Arbury Fark brach and drive her 40,000 into the sea, I'd go home and face T. After fourteen reformed drunkards had re-

he picked up his hat and he went home THE WRONG KIND OF MUSIC. A Sattlesnake's Battle Awakened by a Girl

From the San Francisco Chronicle. OARLAND, Sept. 20. - Miss Florence Cameron. act rolly and planky girl whose home is at 1316 Eighth avenue, had a remarkable experience vesterday morning. She discovered a rattlenake between two sheets of music, as she was going over the pieces in search of some particuing ballad, and only succeeded in killing it after

an exceling encounter.

The saake was not a large one, yet it was big and vigorous enough to have inflicted a fatal Miss Cameron had nameled the horself muso-her search for certain compositions. The muso-is kept in a rack mode for the purpose, and this components window. The